

FADLEY'S CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

BY FRANK B. WELCH.

Young Mr. Fadley was in a worry. He had some Christmas presents to buy, and what to get was what worried him. First and foremost, there was Miss Damon, upon whom he was anxious to create an impression—she must have something appropriate and elegant, whether anybody else got anything or not. Then there was his bosom friend and constant companion Harvey, a good fellow who had placed him under obligation times without number—him he could not forget. This being the case, Fadley started out to rummage the stores.

He overhauled all the leading shops in town, and by Christmas Eve had collected what he thought was a pretty sensible lot of presents for an amateur Santa Claus to get together. For the lady of his choice he had a handsome toilet outfit of combs, brushes, powder puffs and boxes, manœuvre implements, hand mirrors, and no end of other elegant articles for feminine use. These were all inclosed in an elaborately beplushed and inlaid case which was neatly wrapped and all ready to be sent to the intended recipient. For his friend Harvey he had an elegant shaving set, consisting of razors, brushes, cups, hones, etc., done up in a substantial case which was also ready to be dispatched to the home of his friend.

Not daring to trust a messenger with the presents, for fear of some mistake Fadley started out himself to deliver them. First he called at Harvey's house, timing his call so as not to catch his friend at home. With his friend's mother he intrusted the package, she promising that it should not be tampered with until Harvey should open



"JUST AS IF I WERE IN NEED OF A SHAVE."

it himself the next morning. Then he called at the abode of Miss Damon. The ring was answered by a servant, who said the young lady was out doing her Christmas shopping. Here was a piece of good luck. Leaving the package with explicit instructions as to its

delivery Fadley said he would call, Christmas night, as per previous arrangement with the young lady.

There was a big job off his hands, and Fadley mentally patted himself on the back at having done it up so neatly. He pictured to himself the glad surprise of Miss Damon when she should receive the substantial evidence of his regard, and chuckled over the little surprise in store for his dear friend and chum, Harvey. Early Christmas morning Miss Damon received her package, upon opening which she exclaimed:

"Well, I never! Just as if I were in need of a shave. Who ever has been so kind as to furnish me with this tonsorial outfit?" Then her eye caught the corner of a card sticking out of one of the compartments of the case. This she drew forth and read:

"From yours faithfully,

H. IRA FADLEY."

"Oh!" said the mischievous young lady; "Mr. Fadley, eh? Well, just wait till he comes this evening. I'll hawl 'Next' at him; see if I don't."

Of all the mortified swains that ever got into a pickle Fadley felt the worst when the idol of his heart flashed the shaving tools on him. He was utterly speechless, until it occurred to him that his friend Harvey had his dear one's toilet set and one of the sweetest of little notes that ever a lovesick fellow put together.

"Great snakes!" thought Fadley; "if he reads that note I'll never hear the last of it." Then he explained the mistake and begged off long enough to hasten over to his friend's house to exchange the packages. He found Harvey at home, and as that amiable young man jerked him into the hall he simperingly inquired:

"Is my hat on straight, Ira dear, and how do my bangs look?"

"Say!" fiercely ejaculated Fadley, "if you don't shut your head I'll break it for you!"

But there was no time to be lost, so Fadley, after duly acknowledging that the cigars were on him, gathered up the toilet set and sped back with it to the one for whom it was intended.

That was not the last of the joke on him, by any means. The thing leaked out, as such things invariably do, and poor Fadley was so annoyed by facetious allusions to his Santa Claus experience that he was compelled to threaten with consequences dire any one who mentioned the subject.

An Absorbing Girl.

"There is no such person as Santa Claus, is there?" asked a small girl of her mother.

"Some folks say there is not," was the reply.

"Well, I don't care. I don't like folks who say there isn't any Santa Claus. They never give any nice presents."—N. Y. Journal.

A Slip.

Dr. Thirdly—I wish you would hold the missionary box until after Christmas; I may want to send some things.

Elder Berry—I know what you are thinking of; but they don't wear slip-pers in Alaska.—Puck.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

LAND OFFICE AT LAS CRUCES, N. M.,

December 7th, 1894.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Probate Judge or Probate Clerk at Silver City, N. M., on February 1st, 1895, viz: Harris Denton, who made Homestead Application No. 1546 for the s. 1/4 n-e 1/4 sec 22, and s. 1/4 n-w 1/4 sec 23, tp 15 s. r. 17 w.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

Benjamin F. Powell, of Cliff, New Mexico.
Sebern M. Morgan, " "
P. M. Shelley, " "
Henry Miller, " "

Any person who desires to protest against the allowance of such proof, or who knows of any substantial reason, under the law and the regulations of the Interior Department, why such proof should not be allowed, will be given an opportunity at the above mentioned time and place to cross-examine the witnesses of said claimant, and to offer evidence in rebuttal of that submitted by claimant.

JOHN D. BRYAN,

Register.

17-6t.

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He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

Harris Denton, of Cliff, New Mexico.
Benjamin F. Powell, " "
Henry Miller, " "
P. M. Shelley, " "

Any person who desires to protest against the allowance of such proof, or who knows of any substantial reason, under the law and the regulations of the Interior Department, why such proof should not be allowed, will be given an opportunity at the above mentioned time and place to cross-examine the witnesses of said claimant, and to offer evidence in rebuttal of that submitted by claimant.

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He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

James A. Bell, of Cliff, New Mexico; William D. Howard, of Cliff, New Mexico; Harris Denton, of Cliff, New Mexico; S. M. Morgan, of Cliff, New Mexico.

Any person who desires to protest against the allowance of such proof, or who knows of any substantial reason, under the law and the regulations of the Interior Department, why such proof should not be allowed, will be given an opportunity at the above mentioned time and place to cross-examine the witnesses of said claimant, and to offer evidence in rebuttal of that submitted by claimant.

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17-6t.

Silver City Post Office.

Office open daily except Sunday from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Open Sundays from 9 to 9:40 a.m., and one hour after arrival of railway mail.

Money order department open daily except Sundays from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Mail closes for Fort Bayard, Central, Hanover, Georgetown and all railroad points daily at 9:40 a.m.

Mail closes for Mesquite and all intermediate points at 8 a.m., Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

Mail closes for Pinos Altos daily except Sundays at 4:15 p.m.

Mail arrives from the east, west and south daily at 4 p.m.

Mail arrives from Mesquite and intermediate points at 6 p.m., Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Mail arrives from Pinos Altos daily except Sundays at 10:30 a.m.

L. A. SHELLEY, POSTMASTER